

PEACE AND HOME

PREFERRED TO

WAR AND TRAVEL.

THE
CROWN
OF
HOME

THE VOLUNTEER.

THE DRUM.

IV.

SCENES OF MY YOUTH.



" Ob tarry, gentle traveller ;
" Ob tarry now at setting day ;
" Nor haste to leave this lovely vale,
" For lofty mountains far away."

GLASGOW:

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THE CANTERBURY TALES

PEACE AND HOME.

I.

O H tarry, gentle traveller;

 Oh tarry now at setting day;
Nor haste to leave this lowly vale
 For lofty mountains far away,

II.

Oh tell me what has tempted thee

 Thro' woods and dreary wilds to roam;
Oh tell me what has tempted thee
 To quit thy lot and peaceful home.

III.

Say, hast thou not a partner dear,

 That's constant to thy love, and kind?
And wilt thou leave her faithful side,
 Nor cast one sorrowing look behind?

IV.

Yon sun that gilds the village spire,

 And gaily flings his parting ray,

Say, smiles he not as sweetly o'er
 Thy native village far away?

V.

Does mad ambition lure thy steps

 To wander in the paths of strife?

Ah think how swift thy minutes fly!

 Ah, think how short thy span of life!

VI.

For life is like yon crimson beam—
 That trembles in the western skies;
 Full soon, alas! its glories cease;
 It sparkles—glimmers—fades—and dies.

VII.

Oh waste not then thy fleeting hours
 In foreign climes and paths unknown;
 Return thee to the happy plains
 That bounteous nature made thy own.

VIII.

For me, nor gold, nor princely power,
 Nor purple vest, nor stately dome,
 Nor all that trophy'd grandeur boasts,
 Shall lure me from my tranquil home.

IX.

This rustic cot and silent shade
 Shall evermore my dwelling be;
 E'en when my destin'd days are spent
 I'll rest beneath yon aged tree.

X.

Beside the brook, a simple stone,
 Shall serve to guard my cold remains,
 And tell the pilgrims, as they pass,
 I died amidst my native plains.

XI.

Return, then gentle traveller;
 Return thee with the morning ray;
 Nor leave again thy lowly vale,
 For lofty mountains far away.



THE VOLUNTEER.

WHEN fivepence a solid meal cannot supply
To a jolly young man five feet ten inches high ;
Who has jogg'd with his knapsack twelve leagues
through the rain,
While his wench and three brats had each ankle
to strain ;
The poor volunteer to the halberts is tied,
For stealing two chick-eggs and getting them fried :
What carters and jockies should suffer he feels,
And the blood gushes down from his nape to his
heels.
The Commander in chief, who is almost fifteen,
And a taylor's apprentice by right should have
been ;
Now struts round the circle, then turns on his heel,
To belabour the drummers who don't make him feel —
Swears England could ne'er have produc'd such
a rogue,
And discerns in his howling the true Irish brogue,
The Surgeon, whose sympathy swells in each
vein,
When a swoon interrupts the convulsions of
pain,
Makes them flog till he start to his senses again :

Nay, Doctor and Drum for attendance are paid,
And his pockets are fleec'd while his shoulders
are flay'd.

He's pack'd in a transport on every state quar-
rel,
More tightly than biscuit and beef in a barrel;
In torrents each summer shower streams through
his tent,
In barracks more dismal, December is spent;
In damp rotten bedding, the moment he's laid,
To the rage of *whole armies* his rear is betray'd;
In health he infallibly more than half starves,
In a tertian, he's us'd as a rascal deserves.

His Chloe, by hunger, compell'd to sad pranks,
Is chas'd as a swindler in form through the rank;
His children, when some baggage cart is o'er-
thrown
In a ditch, like blind puppies are suffer'd to drown.

And when for his king thirty years he has toil'd;
In Canada frost-bit, in Africa broil'd;
Has been thrice a week handcuff'd for drinking
his pay,
Got nine thousand lashes for running away;
Has oft like a hero been wounded *before*,
And clear'd with a cudgel each concubine's score;
At last, with the Dons, point to point he engages;
For more than one fourth of a scavenger's wages;
Some merciful volley then shatters a leg,
And his crutches obtain him permission to beg.

THE DRUM.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON HEARING A DRUM BEAT

FOR THE RECRUITING SERVICE.

I.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round :
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms,
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

II.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widow's tears, and orphan's moans,
And all that Misery's hand bestows,
To swell the catalogue of human woes.



SCENES OF MY YOUTH;

OR

SUCH THINGS WERE.

*"I cannot but remember Such things were,
"and were most precious to me."*

SHAKESPEARE.

I.
SCENES of my youth! ye once were dear,

Though sadly I your charms survey;
I once was wont to linger here,

From early dawn to closing day.

Scenes of my Youth! pale sorrow flings

A shade o'er all your beauties now;
And robs the moments of their wings,

That scatter pleasure as they flow;
While still to heighten every care,
Reflection tells me, *Such things were.*

II.

'Twas here a tender mother strove

To keep my happiness in view;

I smil'd beneath a parent's love,

That soft compassion ever knew;

In whom the virtues all combin'd,

On whom I could with faith rely;

To whom my heart and soul were join'd

By mild Affection's primal tie!

Who smiles in Heav'n, exempt from care,

Whilst I remember, *Such things were!*

III.

'Twas here, (where calm and tranquil rest

O'er pays the peasant for his toil)

That, first in blessing, I was blest,
 With glowing Friendship's open smile.
 My friend, far distant doom'd to roam,
 Now braves the fury of the seas;
 He fled his peaceful, happy home,
 His little fortune to increase ;
 Whilst bleeds afresh the wound of Care,
 When I remember, *Such things were!*

IV.

'Twas here—ev'n in this blooming grove,
 I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
 Who, blushing, own'd a mutual love,
 And melted in my youthful arms.
 Tho' hard the soul-conflicting strife,
 Yet fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
 Far from my sight the charm of life—
 The lovely maid whom I adore.
 'Twould ease my soul of all its care,
 Could I forget that *Such things were.*

V.

Here first I saw the morn appear
 Of guileless pleasure's shining day;
 I met the dazzling brightness here,
 Here mark'd the soft declining ray→
 Beheld the skies, whose streaming light
 Gave splendour to the parting sun ;
 Now lost in sorrow's sable night,
 And all their mingled glories gone !
 Till death in pity, end my care,
 I must remember, *Such things were.*

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